

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September 1926 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



*A Czecho-Slovakian
girl churning*



A Revolutionary Sampler

Frances Higgins

Decoration by Blanche Greer

My Grandmother's Grandmother made it,
This sampler of long ago,
In the days of the Revolution,
The time of strife and woe.

She worked it, dear little maiden,
When hardly older than I,
So solemnly, solemnly stitching,
With Red-coats marching by.

Ever fearful for her father
In the ranks of buff and blue,
Yet stitching, stitching, stitching.
I never could—could you?

She chose her a thread of scarlet
To fashion the first tall A,
Then blue, green, pink, brown, yellow,
Followed her letters gay.

She worked a rhyme with quaint flowers
Blooming in urns at each side;
She stitched more rhymes and letters,
And shaped a tree with pride;

And lastly her own name 'broidered
Under the wide-spreading tree,
With the year of the famous treaty—
Seventeen-eighty-three.

Today it hangs in our parlor,
So quaint and pretty and gay,
Though maiden and soldiers have vanished
This many and many a day.

The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

THE poem on the inside cover is interesting in connection with the Sesquicentennial Exposition. Pupils will be relating experiences of their visit to Philadelphia and describing historic sites. All will

A Revolutionary Sampler, p. 2 be reading articles and seeing pictures of these things. The making of an international correspondence portfolio may be used as a project for organizing this patriotic interest, for perfecting accuracy, and for writing in an entertaining way. The Lincoln School of New Brunswick, N. J., in preparing correspondence for Italy, compared the ages of the two countries, "just for fun," as they wrote. "We find we are but an infant . . . We should love to see the Forum in Rome or the Bell Tower in Florence . . . Our nation has some things that we are very proud to possess, as our Liberty Bell, Old Ironsides, Statue of Liberty, and the house of Betsy Ross." September is an excellent time to launch a project on this topic. The aim will be to develop a sound appreciation of our own national ideals and a sincere respect for the country to which the correspondence is addressed.

Another Point of Departure

WHEN schools are writing to a country with which they have had no previous contact, an especially good beginning is: *Our School*. The letters quoted in this issue are admirable examples, for

"Our School," p. 10 the children have described everyday surroundings in a colorful way.

Through writing to children abroad, not only do far-off places become more real, but the close-at-home more interesting.

In a number of cases, youngsters used to writing make-believe letters as a school exercise have amusingly addressed their international correspondence to imaginary names—"Dear John," "Dear Mary." When friends in other countries receive such letters, they are naturally puzzled, for usually there is no one in the class with the particular names used. Good beginnings are—"Dear Comrades," "Dear Schoolmates," "Dear Playmates of Another Land."

A new school correspondence pamphlet is now ready. Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to secure for you a complimentary copy of ARC 621. If there is no Junior Chairman, write direct to National or Branch Offices.

"Not Just Pigs"—Of Course Not!

THE animal stories are full of immediate interest. Mirko and Marko are appealing pets, and their little mistress most lovable. Have any of your pupils had

Mirko and Marko; Snuggle; Two Clever Young Rats, pp. 3-8

quaint pets, about which the class would enjoy hearing? These stories will also be of interest again, in connection with "Kindness to Animals" week. This suggests the advantage of

filing the News and keeping a reference index. Special committees might take responsibility, each for a separate country or topic. One group may wish to begin this month by noting on a library card the story of "Mirko and Marko" and the Calendar picture of the Montenegrin Cradle, adding from month to month any material they find on Montenegro. Another group may wish to start on Czechoslovakia by noting the picture on the cover.

Fitness for Service

MISS TEAL'S story for the children and the other examples she has given on page 4 of this GUIDE may be used to help children think of the Public Health

Dick's New World, p. 14; A Lucky Accident, p. 11 Nurse as a partner of theirs as well as of the teacher's. The children's story lends itself to another school use—developing vivid writing. Pupils will enjoy picking out the things Dick could "see" without his eyes. In this way other sense impressions will become more vivid—hearing, feeling, smelling. And perhaps if they experiment "seeing" with closed eyes, they will not only have a more real understanding of those who are like Dick, but for them, too, a "new world" will be opened. A helpful lesson in description, here!

Christmas Boxes

CHRISTMAS Boxes will this year go to nineteen countries. The instructions sent to Chapters read: "Every enrolled school may fill as many cartons as there

"Your Love Has Found Us," p. 13

are rooms in the school, though of course there is no objection to rooms filling more than one carton. Cartons are furnished by National Headquarters. They are 9" x 4" x 3". They are to be filled with *clean, unbroken* articles. Simple toys and other articles made by the children as part of their daily work in class are desired. The gifts should be limited to such things as hair-ribbons, handkerchiefs, games, puzzles, tops, balls, small dolls, etc. *Fruit and perishables cannot be accepted.* Cartons should *not* be given to pupils to take home and fill. Contents of each carton must be inspected, before shipment, by school or Chapter representative. Boxes must be filled ready for shipment, October 15." (If games are sent, be sure that instructions for playing them accompany the gift.) This is a popular project with children and proof multiplies each year of the value to those who receive and equally to those who give.

Developing Calendar Activities for September

Initiation Into Service

IN ORDER to give pupils a stronger sense of personal membership in the Junior Red Cross, many teachers have found it worthwhile to award the little pins bearing the motto, "I Serve," for some actual service performed. Where a money due is deemed wise, the pennies, dimes, or quarters are earned by performing some useful act or by sacrificing some luxury. This procedure amounts to a kind of initiation, a pledge made in deeds instead of words, helping each individual to feel for himself at the very start the purpose of his membership.

Spreading the Interest

THE services need not be individual. Pupils may work as a group in doing something useful for the school or for the community. In connection with enrollment a group may prepare an entertainment for assembly, to interest the rest of the school in the work of the Junior Red Cross. A class in a town school, where there is a reference library, may write stories for rural schools about the origin and history of the Red Cross, including narratives about Henri Dunant, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton, and other stories about the extent and work of the Junior Red Cross today. They may copy poems about patriotism and service. This will give to rural schools material of use in preparing entertainments. Pupils may in some cases go from one school to help other schools with putting on a play, with music, or with giving talks about the Red Cross work in the local county.

Available Material

SEVERAL references which may be helpful in preparing enrollment entertainments, both for the suggestions offered and for the material furnished, are: *The Elson Readers* (Scott Foresman Co., New York). Book VI, "Go Forth to Serve," by Woodrow Wilson, and the "Notes and Questions" following Wilson's letter; *Elson Readers*, Book VIII, the "Review" on p. 329; Hill and Lyman, *Reading and Living* (Scribners, New York). Book I, "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks," by John H. Finley, and "Our Lady of the Red Cross," by Mary R. Parkman; *Guide Books to Literature*, "The Red Cross Flag," by Mary M. Harrison; Knox and Lutkenhaus, *Rainy Day Book for Boys and Girls* (Century Co.), Ch. 5; and among Edwin Markham's poems, "The League of Love in Action." Among educational books in which teachers will find interesting comments on the Junior Red Cross are: Cubberly, *The Principal and His School* (Macmillan); Johnson, *Administration and Supervision of the High School* (Ginn); Harold Meyer, *A Handbook of Extra-curricular Activities in the High School* (Barnes, New York), and Hatch, *Training for Citizenship* (Scribners). Additional references will be given next month.

Getting Under Way

THE suggested "ballot box of friendly acts" may become a means of emphasizing the special points of civic training which need special attention. Pupils' judgment may be guided and developed through advice on choosing services to be posted on the bulletin board and preserved in a Class Service Notebook. This may be one means of making achievement in good citizenship a

matter of class record and class pride, just as good penmanship and good composition are.

It may be of interest to learn of a similar activity in a Hungarian school. A letter box was fixed to the wall, and named the "Treasure Box of the Group." A report says: "As soon as any Junior detected a good or amicable action on the part of a comrade, he wrote it down on a slip of paper, signed it, and dropped it in the box." When the box was opened those who had done most good as well as those who had been active as "little detectives" of helpfulness were specially commended. The account concludes: "The fact that they are searching for the good in each other has brought quite a new mental atmosphere among them."

Choosing Leadership

THROUGH these early activities, reports, and discussions, leaders will stand out and the children will select the officers for their Junior Red Cross Council more wisely because of such experience and acquaintance. In many schools each room has its own "club," with President, Secretary, and perhaps others. These officers become the representatives in a School Council. The following set-up for such a school council is adapted from an interesting report of the Junior Red Cross in Dallas, Texas.

Officers—selected by the entire group.

President—chosen from the highest grade represented in the school, usually the sixth or seventh. The duty of the president is to preside at Council meetings.

Vice-president—chosen from the lower grades, that is, third or fourth. The duty of the vice-president is to preside in the absence of the president.

Secretary—chosen from the fifth grade. The duty of the secretary is to keep an accurate report of all meetings and of all specific activities undertaken by the Junior Red Cross.

Treasurer—chosen from the sixth grade. The duty of the treasurer is to keep an accurate record of all funds, how raised, and how spent, and to furnish a copy of this at the end of each month to the Junior Red Cross Chairman of the Chapter Committee. The actual money is turned over to the Junior Red Cross Chairman for deposit in the Red Cross Treasury, and refunded to the individual schools as needed for approved activities.

Service Committee, including secretaries from all the rooms—to plan activities to be undertaken for the community, the national and the international work, and to keep a record of all that is accomplished.

Entertainment Committee—appointed each month, to be responsible for a short program and to arrange one or two open meetings during the year with special entertainment for parents and friends.

Health Committee—to suggest and check health activities and organize special "drives."

Meetings—to be held once a month. These need not be long, but should include (1) report on activities of the month, (2) discussion of new plans, (3) a short entertainment furnished by one room or group.

Raising of Funds—a "Service Fund" is helpful in carrying out many kinds of service. Ways of raising such a fund are numerous, depending on the resources of the school: salvage of old papers, magazines, pop bottles, tinfoil; selling of eggs and garden produce, home-made candy and sandwiches; giving entertainments.

"Well Begun—"

CAN primary classes use the Little Folks line on each page as a reading game? And can pupils of all classes find under each of the three headings at least one activity suitable to their age and grade? If your own pupils have not found anything else to begin on, how about the first item, column 1, and the final question in column 3?

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

For two years, the Junior Red Cross has sent out a series of special letters to teachers suggesting ways of adapting the general Junior Red Cross program to smaller schools. Because of the increasing demand for these letters last year, it was decided to incorporate material of this type in one page of this Supplement to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

"I Spy" Something I Can Do

GETTING the schoolroom and the school grounds into attractive shape at the opening of school will give plenty of chances for service in smaller schools. The following report sent to a Junior Red Cross Chairman by the third and fourth grades of the Middletown School, Winchester and Frederick County, Virginia, is full of good ideas:

We have enrolled 44 members of the Junior Red Cross. We organized our class, electing a President, Vice-President, two Secretaries, and a Treasurer. We sent 50c. for the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, and gave 50c. to the Service Fund.

We have cleaned the windows, desks, blackboards, picked up the paper on the floor, and appointed monitors to care for the wraps, to dust the room, and to pick up paper on the school lawn. We brought both potted plants and cut flowers for our school windows. We have kept fresh air in our room, and have made a study of the Health Rules, have also made three posters for our Health Book. We bought blackboard stencils appropriate for each month of the year and made a bulletin board and posted Red Cross posters. We decorated our room with autumn leaves.

We have sent two baskets of fruit with notes to sick ladies of Middletown, and received a written note of thanks, which pleased us very much.

Secretary, WILMA ORNDORFF.

From the Friendly Grove School in the same county came a report which includes an account of a Junior Red Cross Council meeting:

The Junior Red Cross of Friendly Grove met November 4, 1925. The officers were all present, and every member. The entertainment committee had arranged the following program:

Song—A Healthy Mother Goose—by all.
Reading, from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS—Finding the Thanks in Thanksgiving—by two girls.
A Study of the Junior Red Cross Calendar.
A Review of the Health Rules.

Reports: The Yard Committee reported that the members had carted away the dirt from around the cistern and stacked all the old school desks that had been scattered all around the school grounds. The Room Committee reported that the girls had washed all the windows nicely, cleaned the boards frequently, and dusted erasers. We carry out the health rules and frequently we recite them in our school. We sing some of the health songs every day.

After singing the song, "Mary had a little cold," the meeting adjourned.

*Secretary, JAMESETTA G. GLYNN.
Teacher, MRS. THOMAS S. COOPER.*

Besides the committees mentioned in these reports, there may be a carpenter's committee for necessary repair work, a flower committee to keep fresh flowers in the room, and other committees that the children themselves decide on, when they talk over the needs. Perhaps such questions might be raised at the first Junior Red Cross meeting as: *What can we do to make our school healthful and pleasant? Who shall look after these things?*

The Council

IN the smaller school, the Junior Red Cross Council will probably include all pupils. At the first meeting or two, you will no doubt preside yourself, unless officers were elected last spring. At the end of one or

two weeks, after there has been time for everybody to show his mettle, the "I Serve" buttons can be awarded and the membership roll signed. The pupils will be ready to elect their own officers by this time. By dividing the work to be done among as many committees as possible, and changing these committees every month or so, all the pupils will have a chance to take part in the work, and will feel that they really belong.

In a number of places County, District, or Township Councils have been organized, and meetings have been held once or twice each school year. To these meetings the pupil representatives from each school have taken reports of Junior Red Cross activities in their school. If this is done, the two best reports might be circulated throughout the whole district or county, afterwards.

Keeping in Touch with the Family

THE pupils' reports quoted above show how the local Junior Red Cross Chairman may be kept informed as to what your school is doing. The pupil secretary may send her the minutes of each "Council meeting," including a report of what has been accomplished. Occasionally an entire class may write her letters telling what they have done as "Juniors." Perhaps extra copies can be made for her to forward to National Headquarters.

It might be interesting to start a "Round Robin" of such reports, and mail them from one school to another, so that each can keep track of what the rest are doing. The Junior Red Cross Chairman will help make plans for this, if schools desire it.

If your pupils would like to prepare an entertainment in which all of them will learn more about the history of the Red Cross and the work of the Red Cross today, including the children's part, the Chairman will help you to secure suitable material. Perhaps the suggestion given on the opposite page, about pupils in town schools doing special library work and writing essays or letters to rural schools giving helpful facts about the Red Cross or copying appropriate poems, can be carried out in your county.

If any kind of "get together" is planned for the schools in connection with American Education Week, in November, there will doubtless be a chance then to include among the exhibits of school work accounts of the practical things pupils do along lines of good citizenship and world wide friendship. It might be well to begin planning for this, in September. If a "public school day" is to be held in the spring, the Junior Red Cross can contribute to the success of that day. The best reports, and some samples of interesting service activities of the year may be set aside to select from, when the time for the county meeting comes. Such a meeting of children from many schools will give interest to the work of the whole year, if it occurs in the fall; and if it comes in the spring it may be made a climax to what has been done the preceding months.

To all teachers, in schools of all sizes, our friendly wishes for a year of happy success!

Fitness for Service Activities for September

THE Fitness for Service activities suggested throughout the Calendar are intended to help children to convert health knowledge into health action; to encourage the personal initiative of the children in formulating their own health laws; and especially to emphasize health for the sake of greater usefulness.

One or two points are emphasized in the Calendar each month following the outline given below.

September—Adopting laws of cleanliness, and setting goals for correction of defects.

October—Proper diet and out-door play.

November—Avoiding taking cold; responsibility for not spreading colds.

December—Reviewing fundamental health laws; personal responsibility for health in the home.

January—Indoor exercise; care of eye-sight; beginning a First Aid project.

February—Reminder of avoiding colds; proper rest, healthful thinking.

March—Out-door play; learning to swim as an aid to health.

April—Gardening for health.

May—Completion of First Aid project; inventory of gains in school health.

June—Review of fundamental health laws; personal responsibility for observing them during vacation.

The suggestions are addressed to the children. They are invited to talk over what constitutes personal and school cleanliness, and to agree to cultivate personal good habits in such matters as washing hands before eating and after coming from the toilet; cleaning nails; having clean faces, and clean handkerchiefs; brushing teeth twice daily; bathing the whole body at least once a week. Among the other officers of the Junior Red Cross Council, health officers may be elected to look after the daily inspections for cleanliness.

The suggestions about weight will interest the pupils in entering heartily into the work of health examinations and inspections. In case these are not arranged for, the pupils may help work out arrangements themselves—by visiting some local market in a group; for instance, if there are no school scales. Pupils may also help with plans for bringing those who are underweight up to normal. Some local physician or the public health nurse may perhaps be invited to talk to them about these things.

A model "Class Service Notebook" was last year made by the fifth grade of the Chilocco Indian School. In this were included a diary of the varied service activities of the class, samples of the best individual "Fitness for Service" booklets kept by the pupils as a personal check on observance of the health rules, and a month by month account of the health activities stressed on the Calendar. The report of out-of-door activities for October was made attractive by a neat copy of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," with original illustrations, and by posters on conservation of trees, flowers, and birds. Each section was connected with work in drawing, reading, and other interests. Health study in this way was made a part of life and not merely a matter to be taken care of in a special period and then forgotten.

Partners in Child Health

THE following statement of the good accomplished through co-operation of teachers and Public Health Nurses has been prepared by the American Red Cross Public Health Nursing Service:

A school nurse stands ready to assist the teacher with individual children, with the annual or semi-annual inspection for physical defects, and later encouragement in

correction of these defects, with measures to control threatened epidemics of so-called children's diseases, or of pediculosis, scabies, ring-worm and similar infections, with plans for hot lunches, for securing playground equipment, scales, rest room equipment or improvement in the hygiene and sanitation of the schoolroom, with devices to sustain the children's interest in Fit for Service activities.

Perhaps her most effective help is given through her visits to homes where she comes to know the child's family and can, through her professional resources, respond to its needs; or through the group meetings with mothers, citizens and school trustees where understanding of the special needs of children is fostered.

How teacher and nurse work together to improve the health of individual children and of the school is shown through the following cases:

Inspection in the fall revealed a vision defect for John, a ten-year-old, whose home conditions were none too good and whose habits of indolence and self-indulgence were marked. Through the nurse's efforts, glasses were secured for him at a rate which his father could afford to pay, but after the novelty wore off, John either forgot his glasses altogether or forgot for days to clean them. The father, the nurse discovered, was an irregular worker because of sickness; the mother "too tired" to keep her home and children clean. The parents were aided to secure much needed medical care, and with them re-established, the special problems of dependability and cleanliness of John were simplified. With the teacher's help he progressed steadily towards a sturdy, reliable character.

A teacher remarked to the nurse that Annette, usually a good student, was "running down like a clock." The nurse discovered that a new baby was expected, that the mother was not well, that the family had been unable to find a reliable maid and so Annette was doing much more than her usual work around the home. The nurse was instrumental in getting a good woman from another part of the county for the house work. She, herself, gave nursing care to the mother. Annette, relieved of too much work and responsibility, recovered her usual buoyancy and scholarship.

Diphtheria made its appearance in a township. The principal of a consolidated school of 150 pupils asked the county nurse to meet with the teachers to discuss immunization. The result of this meeting was a definite plan for a community campaign against diphtheria wherein each teacher undertook to enlighten her pupils on the value of and necessity for immunization. Doctors, nurse and members of the Parent-Teachers' Association spoke on immunization before the Grange, the Ladies' Aid and similar groups. As a result, 85% of the children received toxin-antitoxin treatment. The nurse visited the parents of the remaining 15%, to learn their objections or to explain the purpose of toxin-antitoxin treatment.

The Teacher's Part

THE teacher may assist the nurse by making herself and her needs known, by asking the nurse to explain her work, by reporting children and conditions needing the nurse's attention. The teacher, like the mother, lives with the children. Both may consider the nurse their partner in plans for improving conditions affecting child life.

Health Education: A Program for Public Schools and Teacher Training Institutions, prepared by a joint committee of the National Education Association and the American Medical Association (price 50c., Dr. T. D. Wood, 525 West 120th St., New York City), will help the teacher in her health education program. *What Every Teacher Should Know About the Physical Condition of Her Pupils*, Health Education Bulletin No. 18, Department of the Interior, is also helpful. *Rural School Nursing* (ARC 723) will aid the teacher in understanding aims and methods of nurses.

Mirko and Marko

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

MIRKO and Marko were two gay little Montenegrin pigs. They had the freedom of the Ivanovitch kitchen where they lived in peace and plenty, and as they were plump and handsome everyone admired them. Zorka alone did not think of them as just bacon and sausage. To her they were playfellows.

Zorka's father worked in the saw mill, her grandmother kept the house, and Zorka kept the pigs. They had spent most of their short lives with Zorka under spreading beech trees or along paths thick with tufted clover.

One evening as they came home through the shady village, an old minstrel sat in the square singing of the deeds of heroes and the triumph of courage over loss and suffering. Zorka tiptoed closer to the circle of villagers about the old man. He had only one eye, but that was as keen as a hawk's. A flat skull cap slanted over his gray hair. He wore a long dark-green coat edged with silver braid, blue knee breeches, and a crimson vest, faded but heavy with rich embroidery. His song was as wild and sad as the hillsides are dark with firs.

Fascinated, Zorka lingered listening to his shrill chant. But the pigs trotted on contentedly toward home.

On the way their greed led them into a wild adventure.

A plank over the swift mill-race along their road led to a watermill. Mirko and Marko had passed this bridge every day and had always longed to cross it, for they could smell the fresh meal in the mill. But if they so much as pointed their greedy, pink noses that way someone appeared in the doorway brandishing a stick, while Zorka jerked them anxiously backward by their tails. Now Zorka was not with them, and there was no one at the open door. The sunlight fell on a silvery heap of meal on the floor under the grindstone. Its fragrance floated out to them. In no time their stiff little hoofs tapped across the gangway and they plunged up to their ears in the soft, delicious mess. As they wallowed blissfully there came of a sudden, *whack, whack*, on their plump backs and the angry voice of the miller's wife drowned their own terrified squeals. In a cloud of flying meal they scurried back over the plank, making a bee line for safety.

That evening the miller's wife stopped Zorka's father on his way home. "The next time," she cried, angrily, "I'll cut their throats and hang their hams in the chimney!" This troubled Zorka's father who feared he might have to pay for the spoiled meal. He went home with a deep frown between his brows. "That settles it," he said, "those pigs must go to mar-



An old minstrel, or gouslar, sat in the village square, playing his one-stringed fiddle and singing songs of freedom

ket tomorrow. They are as fat as young geese now and should bring a good price."

Zorka crossing the threshold heard the fatal words, and her heart stood still. That five minutes listening to the *gouslar* had perhaps cost the lives of her playmates. She took her place at the supper table speechless with dismay. There was a nice mutton stew with beans and gravy but she could swallow hardly a mouthful. Her gaze was fixed on two sleek forms sleeping in the shadow of a bench by the door, their sides rising and falling peacefully.

Her father made his plans quickly. He himself was too busy to go to market and grandmother was too old for the hard journey. Zorka's aunt was going, but she had to look after two donkeys laden with firewood and a third on which her baby in one saddle bag would balance a young kid and some turnips in the other. She could not be expected to tend two frisky pigs. Zorka must take Mirko and Marko safely to the market at Podgoritza.

The idea of the trip thrilled her. It would take two days on foot to reach the town. They would have to go down, down from the wooded valley where their village of Kolashin lay, through bare, rocky gorges, crossing and recrossing a wild river many times, with the gray walls of the mountains towering high above them.

There would be many people going from Kolashin and others would join them on the road, coming from high places in the hills and deep places in the blue valleys. They would eat their meals along the way, leeks and milk-white cheese with their black bread, and sometimes they would stop at a tavern or a



Mirko and Marko were restless and hungry. They rooted about in the sparse grass and weeds of the market place

friend's house to drink thick, sweet Turkish coffee from little brass cups. There would be gossip and music and laughter all the way down to Podgoritza.

But Mirko and Marko would not return. Their blithe life spent in hunting for the best fodder along the brook would be over. So the next morning big tears stood on Zorka's cheeks as she tied a yellow handkerchief over her head and bound her sandals. She let Mirko and Marko out of their comfortable pen, fed them an exquisite breakfast of boiled potatoes and milk, then washed and dried them before joining her Aunt Basilika on the edge of the village. Under the beech trees a group of people were loading their donkeys with firewood or charcoal, potatoes and walnuts, eggs and cheese and great packs of wool. There were droves of sheep and goats and a few cows. The cattle must be driven slowly in order not to run all their fat off before they reached the market.

Mirko and Marko joined the procession in high spirits. The smell of garden stuff and grain was enticing to them and Zorka had to put them on a string to keep them from racing ahead under the feet of the donkeys.

Long after the sun had risen for the rest of the world the path which the market-goers followed lay in twilight, for eastward the mountains rose in a sheer wall that seemed to touch the sky. In half an hour they had left the cool green valley, hung like

a hammock between wooded mountains, and were winding through a stony, grassless land where the wild pomegranate bushes springing from crevices splashed their flame-like blossoms over the rocks. Zorka could look down the mountainside from the road and count the number of cabbages and potatoes planted in the tiny gardens in the pot holes. When the travellers stopped at a spring to rest Zorka would take Mirko and Marko by turns in her lap. The little pigs slept soundly, tired out by the rough trot over the rocky road.

That evening Aunt Basilika knocked at the door of a friend who lived near the road. A woman came out, throwing her arms wide in welcome. She kissed Zorka and Basilika on both cheeks and pulled the baby joyfully from the saddle bag.

There was room for the donkeys and the pigs in the sheepfold, which was a snug cave in the side of the hill. When the beasts had been made comfortable the family went into the house. Zorka looked about in amazement for this was very different from her own home. That was built of wood with a shingled roof and a border of carving below the eaves. This was of the rough stones of the hillside without mortar or plaster. The thatched roof was held in place by logs and stones. There were no windows and no chimney, and the smoke from the hearth in the middle of the floor filtered through the loose weave of the thatch.

The woman's two sons built a fire and their mother put over it a pot of soup. They were very poor people, but eager to share what they had with their friends. They gave up their mattresses, spreading Zorka's near the fire, while they themselves slept on the ground.

The next night the market-goers camped on the edge of the town of Podgoritza. Zorka fell asleep to the stamping and grunting of animals and the jingling of bridles. At dawn every one was up, preparing coffee and putting on holiday clothes. Aunt Basilika took a long black skirt and white linen blouse from her saddle bags. Over them she wore a long sleeveless coat of robin's egg blue with a border of pale gold balls. She tied a dark handkerchief over her head and on top of it set a tiny skull cap of black silk. Most of the women wore the bright blue coats that had been part of their wedding outfits. Their finery was shabby and faded, for no one had had new clothes since the war. As for the children who had outgrown their good garments, they were dressed for the most part in gunny sacks sewn together with ravelings. Zorka was better off. She had a gray homespun dress and an orange colored handkerchief over her head and sandals of cowhide.

The journey from Kolashin had been so gay that Zorka had forgotten its purpose. Now it came over her with misery.

Mirko and Marko were restless and hungry. They rooted about vainly seeking the juicy clover of home in the sparse grass and weeds of the market place. Zorka watched over them with an aching heart. If she saw a business-like man approaching she stood in front of the little pigs to hide them or gathered them into her lap, drawing her apron over their heads. But as the day wore on and no one offered a price for them, she grew indignant. Were they not the most beautiful pigs in the market? How could any one pass them unnoticed?

When evening came she began to wonder what her father would say if she had to take Mirko and Marko back with her. This was probably the last chance before spring to sell them. How could they be fed during the long winter?

When Aunt Basilika had sold the few fagots she had left, she would pack her bags with the winter stores she had purchased and she and Zorka would climb into the wooden saddles for the long homeward journey. How would the short fat legs of Mirko and Marko make the uphill grade?

Twilight was already flooding the plain of Podgoritzta when a man rode up looking for firewood. Seeing Basilika's fagots he went toward her, and then peering through the dusk exclaimed,

"Why, it's Basilika Ivanova!"

He was an old friend of Zorka's father, a well-to-do merchant of Podgoritzta.

"And so this is Ivan's daughter," he said, smiling at Zorka. "What fine pigs you have! Are they for sale?"

Zorka began to cry. "They're not just pigs," she said, "They're Mirko and Marko and I don't want them killed."

"Oh, I don't kill such wee piggies," said the merchant, "They will grow to be grandfathers if you will sell them to me; and I promise you they will live in a fine pen!"

Zorka dried her eyes, and whispered the price her father told her to ask, while the merchant counted silver and copper coins into her hand. Stowing them carefully away in the pocket of her petticoat, she knelt and hugged each little pig and kissed him on the top of his silly head before their new owner dropped

them into his big saddle bags. They squealed wildly at first; but when Zorka patted them they settled down quietly in the straw in the bags.

Before he rode off the merchant took an orange and a shilling from his pocket. "Zorka Ivanova," he said gently, "you have taken good care of your pigs and made them worth a fine price."

Zorka and her aunt started home. Basilika went lightly, having sold her wares, but Zorka climbed the mountain with a pocketful of money, an orange and a heartache.



Aunt Basilika's baby, in one saddle bag, balanced a young kid and some turnips in the other

The Nightingale and the Eagle

R. Katalinic-Jeretov

A LITTLE nightingale was singing his song in the shady part of a flower-sprinkled meadow, when an eagle, attracted by the sweet music, flew down to the green field. As the king of birds, mighty and strong, alighted, the tiny songster said:

"Blessed art thou, eagle, proud king. Thou spreadest thy wings to the heights and approachest the sun. How I should like to follow thee to these bright places!"

"Then sit on my wings, little nightingale, and let us go wherever thou desirest," said the eagle.

So they left the shady pasture. But as the great bird soared higher and higher, the green field looked

like a dark point in the depth of a yawning abyss, and the nightingale quaked with fright. There were no bright places here, no flowers, no fresh green or pleasant shade. Everywhere were emptiness and ice.

"Take me back, take me back to my home!" he lamented.

When the eagle had brought the tiny creature back to the meadow he said:

"Now you see there is no real happiness or pleasure beyond one's natural surrounding."

And the nightingale, in agreement, sang his most beautiful song to his own little home.

From the Junior Red Cross Magazine of Jugoslavia.

In Rocky Montenegro

*I*N all Montenegro there is not one yard of railway. To enter the country from the west one must climb a dizzy road which starts at the beautiful port of Cattaro, on the Adriatic, and zigzags up the face of a rocky precipice, ending at Podgoritza. There are twenty-eight hair-pin turns on this road, so sharp that the ordinary motor truck must be backed around them; and as your automobile makes the climb up and up you wonder why people ever came to these bare mountains and made a country of their own here. But they had the best of reasons. Nearly six hundred years ago the Montenegrins fought with their brother Serbs at Kossovo, and when the Turks won, the Montenegrins withdrew into these bleak mountains and there held tight to what they prized above everything—their freedom.



The fields of Kolashin, near Zorka's home



Jacob's Ladder, a gateway to Montenegro

BY the second day of the plodding climb you would be surprised to see bushes growing and soon the road runs by a beautiful beech forest. At the top of the Moracha Valley is the village of Kolashin, surrounded with mountains clothed in beech and pine and fir. Fertile valleys stretch down to the river and bright brooks tumble through them over mossy stones. The houses are built of wood instead of stone and many of them are two stories high.



Houses of stone such as Zorka saw on her way to Podgoritza

Snuggle, a Live Teddy-Bear

Maude Wood Henry

EVER if they have outgrown them as play-fellows, most boys and girls are fond of the cunning, innocent-looking, fuzzy-wuzzy little Teddy-bears—the most popular toy animal ever made for children. But no boys and girls in this country, with the exception of those of San Diego, California, ever have had a gift of a real, *live* Teddy-bear to fondle and love; a Teddy-bear almost exactly like those of the toy stores; able to walk, run and climb, eat and sleep and snuggle in their arms in the most adorable way. And how the children of San Diego do love their pet, who lives in the zoo, but has the tenderest care in the world because it is the tenderest little bear in the world and would not otherwise live.

This little koala, which is her scientific name, was presented by Miss Gail Calmerton to the children of San Diego, who promptly named her Snuggle. Until about a year ago Snuggle lived a happy if uneventful life in a gum tree in the Australian bush. Then, with "Cuddle," a little boy-bear as companion, she bade adieu to her native land and was put aboard ship for a strange, eight-thousand-mile journey to a new world. The refrigerator room of the ship held a supply of fresh gum or eucalyptus boughs for Cuddle and Snuggle to feast upon, these being their usual diet when at home, and everybody aboard ship assembled at mealtime to watch them eat. If attention, admiration and fondling meant anything to the little bears they were not lonely on their long journey; for passengers and crew alike delighted in holding them in their arms, and they were petted and spoiled as few animals ever have been. Motion picture cameras recorded their movements, and the journey was a sort of triumphal march for the two small bears—a bewildering sort of change from their nurseries in the Australian forest.

Cuddle and Snuggle were the first bears of their family to go a-journeying into a far country. In fact, the Australian government has very strict rules about permitting these little native beasts to be taken for zoo purposes, as they generally die after a few weeks of captivity. And so everybody was interested to see how things were going to turn out. The climate of southern California is similar to that of Australia, and eucalyptus trees have been imported to that section from Australia, so that things seemed favorable for the undertaking. But in spite of every care poor little Cuddle fell a victim to pneumonia while in quarantine on the dock at San Francisco

and died in a few days. Snuggle reached her new home seemingly none the worse for her travels and was soon basking in the California sunshine and nibbling contentedly at the tender shoots and buds and leaves of a tall eucalyptus tree, of which she had full possession. She made herself as much at home as a lonely, solitary little bear could do, and the school children of San Diego, as well as the grown-ups, did their best to keep her from being too unhappy. She easily became the children's favorite among all the strange and interesting zoo inmates. To cuddle her in their arms was a coveted privilege. It was so like and yet so unlike the joy that Teddy-bears have always given to their small owners. It was something like having a well-loved doll come to life.

One day last spring, during "Be Kind to Animals Week," the zoo management invited the Gene Stratton-Porter Boys' Bird Club and the Emma-Lindsay Squier Girls' Bird and Animal Club, two famous clubs of San Diego, to be its guests at a motion picture show in the Junior zoo. This picture featured "Snooky," the orang-outang. As the children were watching the performance, in came Snuggle's keeper with the tiny bear, and the boys and girls took turns in holding her. She put her front feet around their necks, clasping them tightly in a genuine "bear-hug." After the entertainment was over one of the boys photographed Snuggle with the officers of the girls' club.

Snuggle's keeper is very much attached to the tiny bear, and nearly every evening he carries her to his home on the grounds of the zoo to play with his large Angora cat. The bear and the cat are prime friends and romp together all over the house like a pair of children. One day Snuggle chased the cat through the living room and pussy climbed up a lace curtain for refuge. Up went Snuggle after him and the curtain was torn to shreds before their antics could be stopped.



Up her native gum stump looking for a feast



Snuggle gives a real "bear hug"

These little Australian Teddy-bears are as harmless as the toy Teddies and just about the size of the largest ones seen in toy stores. They measure about two feet from the tip of their noses to the ends of their tailless, pudgy bodies. As a matter of fact, the original toy Teddy-bear was not a creature of someone's imagination—it was a little stuffed koala. The koalas' heads are short and thick-set and their ears round and tufted. Their fur is extremely thick and woolly and very soft. They are a sort of ashy gray in color, with rings of brown on the upper parts and white underneath. In northern Australia they live in the great eucalyptus forests, feeding upon the leaves and buds which provide both moisture and food for them. They sometimes stay on one branch for days together. Unlike other bears, which like to burrow in some tree hollow when they take a siesta,

these little live Teddies go to sleep on whatever branch they happen to be when they grow drowsy, sticking to it tightly, with head and legs tucked out of sight. From below a sleeping koala looks like a large mass of the mistletoe which abounds in eucalyptus forests. These bears do not have to be wounded to be caught. They sometimes scratch a little but never bite. They make delightful household pets and become attached to their owners, following them about like puppies.

From all over America letters have come to the San Diego Zoo from people who have known and loved the droll little bears of Australia while in their native country. Is it any wonder that the children who enjoy this live Teddy are very proud of it and think that it eclipses any Teddy-bear that was ever manufactured?

Two Clever Young Rats

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis



THERE was once a poor grandmother, very old and infirm, whose greatest joy was her

"What luck!" said the other. "It is a feast for us, for in this fine keg are two kinds of wine. One is white and one is yellow. Quick! Let us roll it into our house." But suddenly as they were talking, from under a bush stalked a crow. The cunning bird had also seen the keg on the path and was eyeing it greedily.

"Oh, woe to us!" cried both the rats. "What shall we do? The crow will surely come and take our treasure away from us. With her big beak she will peck the fragile keg and the delicious wine will run out. We must take it away quickly, but how?"

pretty spotted hen. Once the hen went so far into the garden that no one saw her, and laid on the path there a beautiful, shiny white egg.

Just at that moment two clever, young gray rats, with long mustaches and thin, straight tails came out of their house to take a walk.

"Oh! my dear!" said one of them joyously. "Come here! See, some one has left a splendid, shiny, round barrel on the path."

The barrel was indeed too big for the rats to carry in their mouths. They couldn't roll it, either, for it would have broken into a hundred pieces on the rough path. But finally they thought of a way to save the keg, and if you think a while you, too, will guess what it was.



Reprinted from the Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine, December, 1925.

Become a Junior Life Saver

"I WAS playing in our yard with Betty Tyler when I saw what seemed to be a dog swimming over at the sea wall. Betty and I ran over there, and when we got there I saw a face. I leaned over the sea wall, but the baby was drifting out and I could not reach her. I put my toes on the inner side of the sea wall and told Betty Tyler to sit on them. I got hold of the baby's foot and pulled her close to the wall; then I got hold of her Teddy-bear suit and managed to scrape her body up the sea wall. We rolled her over on the grass and I called Mrs. Fox. I told her I thought the baby was dead. She called the baby's mother and several other women and they took the baby home in an auto."

The little three-year-old baby was not dead, however. She had fallen into six feet of water and would have drowned, but she was saved by the quick thinking and acting of Betty Tyler and Ina Walker Cochran, who told the story. Ina is nine years old and lives near the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where her father is an officer. She has been a fine swimmer ever since she was four.

George Armstrong, Jr., a ten-year-old boy of Lafayette, Louisiana, learned to swim two years ago during Splash Week. One day last summer he and his five-year-old cousin were playing around a pool when the little cousin tumbled into deep water. George dived in and, approaching her from behind as he had been taught to do, caught her dress and pulled her out. He had her safe on the shore before his father could reach the scene of the accident. George's ambition is to become a Junior Life Saver when he qualifies by age two years from now. And some day he says he will wear the senior insignia on his bathing suit.

While this article was being written the following clipping came in from the *Daily Times* of Bath, Maine:

"Paul McCole, of 28 Court Street, proved a hero when, on Monday morning, he rescued Allen Buck, of Center Street, from drowning. Several young boys had gone out to the mill pond for a swim, and young Paul, seeing that the Buck boy was struggling in the water, swam out to him, rescuing him just as he was about to drown. Young McCole passed the Red Cross life-saving tests which were conducted across the river a year ago."

In the July number of the



Ina Cochran and Betty Tyler, who saved a baby's life

American Girl there are several stories of girls who were brave and ready. One of these was Janet Graham, of Duluth. One summer day, when she was idly chatting with some boys and girls of the Duluth Boat Club, there was a cry for help from the bathing beach, some distance away. Janet ran to the dock, took a dive off the pier into too shallow water, quickly recovered from the stunning blow when she struck bottom and set off after the drowning girl, a hundred and fifty yards away. Near the girl she dived and came up behind her. Swinging into the cross-chest carry, she pulled for shore and saved a life.

Yet many girls in Janet's place would never have fitted themselves to meet such a test. For at six years old she had infantile paralysis, which left her with a semi-crippled right hand. She determined to exercise her arm and to learn to "do what other girls could do." At last she could say to her friends, "Now I can do everything you do except swim—but I am going to learn that, too." And in spite of the difficulty of practising the strokes, she did learn and became a member of the Junior Red Cross life-saving group at her Girl Scout camp. Soon she won the Junior Red Cross life-saving emblem and, just before her rescue of the drowning girl, she had completed her Senior Red Cross life-saving work.

It takes not only quick thinking and courage, but training, too, to meet such emergencies. And such training is given to every one who earns the right to wear the Junior Life Saving emblem. That emblem stands for courage and persistence and fitness. Begin now to train for it.



Indians of the Phoenix, Arizona, school learning to be Junior Life Savers



The Mineral School at Home, Oregon, sent a portfolio to New Zealand

“Our School”

“THERE are twelve boys and girls in our school and we have eight grades,” say the pupils of Whetstone School at Reeder, North Dakota, in a portfolio which they asked to have sent to Norway or Alaska. “Our ages run from six to fourteen years, and all of us have blue or gray eyes and fair complexions. We have a consolidated school, which is the only one in a township of thirty-six square miles. The school gets its name from the Whetstone Buttes, which lie in the western part of our district. Most of us have from two to five miles to come. We ride horseback during the nice weather, but in the winter time, when it gets too cold for us to ride, our fathers or big brothers bring us in enclosed cars or bob sleds. We all bring our lunches, because it is too far to go home at noon. We have a large, three-acre school yard, fenced in so that our saddle horses cannot get away. In this yard, besides the schoolhouse, there is a “teacherage,” where the teacher lives, and a barn for the horses. Our school has two large rooms, a hall and a basement with a furnace for heating. We use just one room for our classes and we have it decorated with pictures, flowers and samples of our school work. We have movable seats so that when social meetings are held—as they often are—we can move them aside and play in center of the room.”

The picture at the top of the page shows all the pupils of Mineral School at Home, Oregon. There are not many of them, but they had plenty of spirit to get together a portfolio which went to far off New Zealand. Their teacher wrote that just before it started they had a patriotic program and the visitors looked over the letters and things and were much in-

A great many of the portfolios exchanged in your international correspondence have interesting letters about school life. Here are a few from American schools. Another month we will give some from other countries.

terested to know that they would be answered by some school in a distant land. She said, too, “The children will all be here through the summer and if a reply comes then it will be enjoyed by all of them and

by the community as well.”

One of the letters says: “Long ago our schoolhouse was about five miles up Mineral Creek. Then Mineral was a lively mining camp, with about a thousand people and two smelters. When silver went to a low price, the mines shut down and nearly all the people moved away. Our schoolhouse was moved down here, and here it stays, where the farms are. At last the mines are starting up again. They are being mined for copper.”

Another letter tells about the way to school. “I live on the lower part of the Snake River Valley. From where I live it is about a mile to school. My road is just wide enough for one car or wagon. The high bank is above and the river below. Almost every morning I see wild ducks on the water and now and then there is a crane standing, fishing for his breakfast. Quail and grouse dart across my path sometimes. I often see a startled bunny scurry into his hole. In the afternoon I see Chinese pheasants. In September I see the most beautiful sumach. They are like little bright colored flames to me. On the hill there are little purple flowers and clematis vines. How would you like to take this walk with me?”

The Juniors of the little school at Amboy, in the desert part of southern California, were specially glad to have a letter from Juniors in Cadiz, Spain, because from Cadiz sailed Father Junipero Serra. He was a Spanish priest who still holds a high place among those

who brought Christianity to the Pacific coast. The Amboy pupils write:

"This is a place not high above sea level, so our thermometer in May shows a temperature of 85 to 100 in the shade, and more than 120 in July and August.

"We are not a typical American school. In our homes twelve of us speak Spanish, two speak Spanish and English and five speak only English. We cannot show the usual trees, green lawn and neat yard of most American schools. Even if water were abundant, trees and grass will not grow in salt soil. The shining white washrooms so common elsewhere with water for everyone—alas! we do not have them. Here each child brings his bottle, tin pail or canvas water bag with him from home."

"Our water comes from a spring called Newberry Spring, about sixty-three miles from where we live. The Santa Fe Railroad brings in great big water tanks on cars. The water car full costs twenty dollars a car from here to Newberry. A barrel of water costs thirty-five cents.

"We cannot dig wells, for the water is salty and can be used only for certain things. People have to carry the water from the cisterns and large tanks where it is kept. Water kept above ground is warm all summer. Three men here have electric plants, so that they can make ice for themselves.

"The teacher lives back of the schoolroom. It is the custom on this part of the desert. Our school supervisor wishes us to cultivate world friendships by Red Cross correspondence."

The ninth grade English class of the Roosevelt Junior High School at Coffeyville, Kansas, writes a French school as follows:

"You asked about the letters D. W. E. C. They stand for the Do Without English Club. In order to improve our spoken English, each week this club decides to "do without" some slang expression or error in language.

"One of the first events of our school year was the observance of National Education Week, during which all the school patrons were invited to visit the schools. On one night of this week we held some classes specially for our parents. In the art, sewing and cooking laboratories there were exhibits of our work so that the visitors might see some of the things we are doing in school. In our English classroom we were delighted to display your portfolio and also the sewing manual you sent us last year. Everyone

also praised the neatness of your work very highly."

"This semester we are all interested in making honor points. These are secured by making perfect attendance records, being elected to class offices, taking part in extra-curricular activities and in various other ways. The room that has the highest number of points at the end of a six weeks' period is given a silver cup to be held during the next period. At the end of the year the individual in each room having the highest number of points will receive an honor emblem and the one who ranks highest in the entire school will be given a medal."

"Do you ever visit the Land of Make-Believe during school hours?" asks a letter from the Butler Grammar School of Portland, Maine, in a portfolio sent to Japan. "Well, we do sometimes during our civics recitation period.

"In order that we may understand more clearly how our city government actually functions, we pretend that we are grown-ups, and after petitioning the State Legislature—our civics teacher—for a charter, we form ourselves into the "Junior City of Portland." Then we elect our city officials, following the Australian ballot system exactly as they do in a regular city.

"We are sending you a picture showing us voting for the five City Councillors. The girl seated at the desk checks the names of the voters as they receive their ballots; the girl in the booth is voting; the boy at the table again checks the voter's name before he puts his ballot into the box; and the boy standing by the ballot-box watches to see that no one casts more than one vote."

A City Manager is appointed by the Council. The City Manager appoints two traffic officers from the police force, who maintain order in the corridors during the year. The Department of Public Health looks into the cause of the absence of pupils, while members of the School Board help in making up the lessons of those absent on account of sickness. Members of the Department of Public Works keep the floors of the classrooms and corridors free of trash. The Assessors keep a sharp lookout on those citizens who go often to the little candy shop opposite the school. They must possess wealth, so they are assessed accordingly. The owner of a wrist watch or bicycle must also contribute an extra penny in taxes. There are several other officials each with his appointed duty.

"We enjoy voting and there is much excitement until we know the results of the election."



The Civics Class of Butler School, Portland, Maine, votes for Junior City Officials

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*Build on, and make thy castles high in air,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies.*

—Longfellow

THE BUILDERS

BY THE TIME this number of the NEWS reaches you, I suppose that our new Junior Red Cross poster will already be on display in your school. If by any chance you have not seen it, I hope that you will immediately inquire about it of your teacher or of your local Red Cross chapter.

Each year our Junior Red Cross artist tries to place before you, in the poster, a picture that will help you keep in mind every day, as you look at it, the meaning of this Junior Red Cross to which you belong.

This year it is "The Builders." I am not sure just what suggested this poster to the artist, but perhaps it was the message that came to American Juniors some months ago from the boys in far-off Albania who are attending the school which American Juniors made possible for them. "The American Junior Red Cross," they said, "has played a very great part in laying a new and strong foundation for present and future Albania and we should now be able to build up the rest of the wall."

Or perhaps it was another message which this time came from Juniors in Hungary. "We like to think of ourselves," they said, "as the stone carriers in a great army of workers building a temple of human love, but we believe that this temple will fulfill its true destiny only as its foundation stones are formed from love of one's own country."

It is a rather thrilling thought that boys and girls in American schools have had, through the Junior Red Cross, a part in laying the foundations for the present and future of far-away Albania and are still helping the Albanian boys and girls to go on building the rest

of the wall. All over the world, the members of the Junior Red Cross are building, building, for the present and future of their own countries, and for that "temple of human love" which should embrace all nations.

"We realize," said the Albanian boys, "that the only way for a country to stand upon its feet is for it to have trained citizens." Lycurgus, the law-giver of ancient Sparta, once said, "That city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of bricks." Every man was a stone built into the real wall upon which the city depended for its safety. And so through the Junior Red Cross boys and girls are building themselves into their national structures and into the walls of the temple of world-wide understanding and friendship. They are building for fitness of body and mind, for personal character, for good citizenship and for the peace of the world.

ARTHUR W. DUNN, *National Director,
American Junior Red Cross*

A LUCKY ACCIDENT

ABOUT one hundred and fifty years ago a lucky accident brought a wonderful gain to all blind people. The *Children's Pictorial* for January 31, 1925, tells the story. One day a French gentleman, Monsieur Valentin Haüy, was walking along a street in Paris when he was stopped by a blind beggar. Now, Monsieur Haüy had often been disgusted with the tricks played upon blind people by the thoughtless youth of Paris, and he never passed one of them without a kind word and a gift of money. So he dropped a coin into the beggar's hand and walked on.

"Monsieur," shouted the beggar, "if you please, stop! Surely, you meant to give me a sou, but you have given me an écu." At that time a large copper sou was the same size as the silver écu.

"Yes," said Monsieur Haüy, "I did give you an écu. But how did you know the difference?"

"Ah, sir," replied the blind man, "with my fingertips. I can feel the difference in the designs on the two coins."

Like a flash of light, a new idea came to Monsieur Haüy. For years he had been trying to think of some way of teaching the blind to read. It now struck him that this might be done by printing raised letters on paper. Not long afterwards he met a blind child begging at a church door. He took the little boy home and began teaching him the alphabet from pieces of paper with raised letters. A new world was opened to the child through his fingertips.

Before long Monsieur Haüy showed a crowd of interested people how his class of twenty-four blind persons could read with their fingers from books printed in raised characters. And later on Louis Braille invented the dotted system now in general use in books for the blind.

LAY a solid foundation for your year's Junior work by organizing a Junior Council and drawing up a definite program of things to do.



Estonian Juniors leaving a party with the American gift boxes

“Your Love Has Found Us”

THERE is no doubt in the world that the Christmas gifts American Juniors have sent overseas are appreciated. This year more letters of thanks have come to Washington headquarters from schools abroad than ever before. It would take a good-sized booklet to hold them all.

A school near Reval wrote “on the eighth anniversary of Estonian liberation”: “You live beyond the Atlantic Ocean and we live in such a little European State that you can hardly find it on the map. But your love has found us and you have come to see us by sending Christmas presents. We hope to be able to send you soon some presents as well. We go to a school in the neighborhood of a large factory erected before the World War, where 600 children are learning. Close to the nearly demolished factory there are half-ruined houses with cheap lodgings where poor people are gathered, and a great many of them are actually without work. We are their children. We were, therefore, much happier this Christmas, when your lovely presents were distributed, than many other school children of more wealthy parents. Some of the children, when they got the presents and were told how far they had come, began to weep.”

In Haiti more than ten

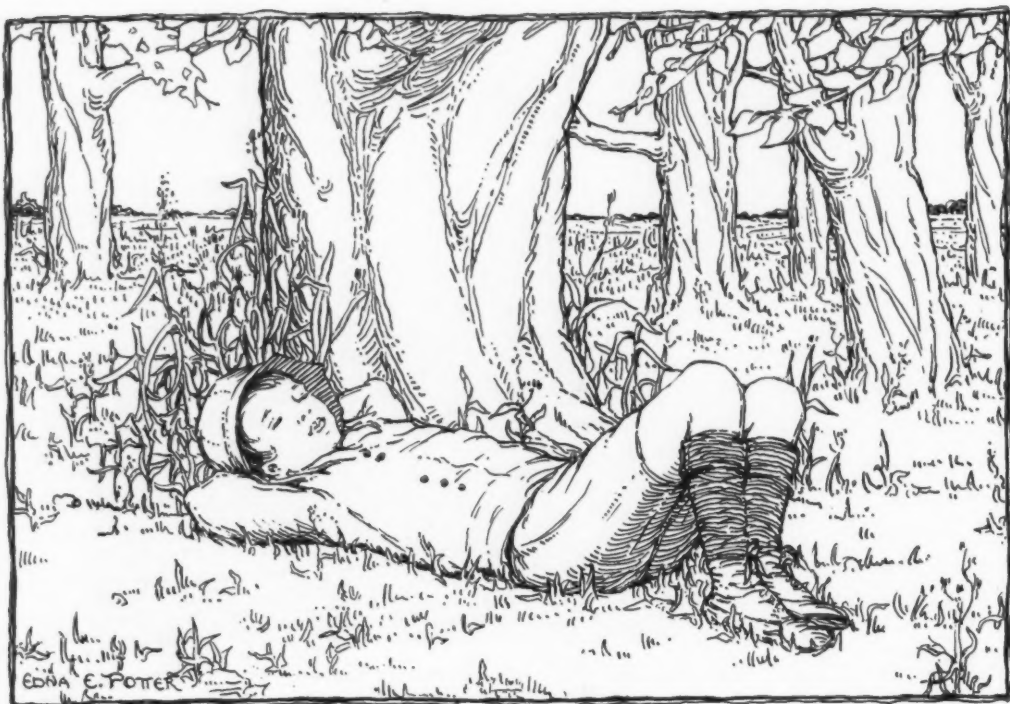
thousand children received gifts from American Juniors. Here is one of the many letters of thanks for them:

“It is with pleasure that I write you this letter to thank you with all my heart for the gifts which you have had the kindness to send me Christmas Eve. How happy I was that day! Papa, Mama and everyone was full of joy. In the box I found a beautiful doll with which I play every day. I found a tiny trunk where I keep all my gifts. I found a pretty purse which I take every Sunday to Mass. I found a neck chain which I gave to my mother. Once more I say to you, many thanks, my very dear friends, and I pray the good God that He will keep you and give you a long and happy life.”

Juniors of Porto Rico sent five thousand Christmas boxes overseas. Some of them were distributed by l'Ecole pour l'Ecole, an organization in Paris which is helping the schools of the devastated region of France. Part of the letter from the organization reads: “We do not know how to tell you how grateful we are to you for having allowed us to share in the charming, so varied and so well-chosen gifts from the pupils of Porto Rico.”



Czech Juniors opening Christmas boxes



Dick lay with his arms tucked under his head, listening

Dick's New World

Helen Teal

Illustrations by Edna E. Potter

DICK lay with his arms tucked under his head, listening. The orchard was alive. Birds were singing, bees were humming, soft little crickety voices piped in the grass. And blessing all was a warm sunshine and the sweet fragrance of growing things. Over his hands Dick could feel the ants hurrying back and forth. He imagined to himself their scurrying in and out among the tickly grass blades and the scented clover blossoms, for hadn't Miss Anthony at the school told him of their doings, yes, and of the bees which gathered the honey stored in blossoming fields? Although Dick couldn't actually see what was happening, he knew in his mind swishing tree tops thick with smooth, cool leaves; chirping birds with soft feathers feeding wee babies in carefully hidden nests; squirrels making little sharp noises as they played tag up and down the tree trunks; tiny, tiny green apples just ceasing to be sweet-scented blossoms. Yes, the orchard was alive for Dick, and all the world was different from last year. He knew that there were velvety flowers in the fence corners, the wheat in the fields reached half way to his knees now and by the feel of the scratchy heads he knew they were filling with grain. For the

first time in his nine blind years Dick knew a world beyond what his fingers could feel and his home could supply. Now he had his own kind of mental pictures to fit many of the words and sounds he heard, the objects he touched and the odors which reached him. One year at the State school had made such a difference!

"Last year"—he was thinking to himself and got no farther. His quick ears had picked up a sound. That was a car stopping. Could it be Miss Gray? She had promised to come soon after school closed and he had been home now five days. Perhaps——

He turned his head the better to catch the sounds. Yes, someone was coming.

"Miss Gray, Miss Gray," he called, and, jumping to his feet, he bounded off down the hillside path to meet her with open arms.

"Dick, you're fat, you little rascal," and he was greeted with an answering hug. "How many pounds have you gained and where did you find the speed for those legs? Why I never!"

As the two sank down in the grass the breathless, happy talk began. Dick must tell her of Miss Anthony, his favorite teacher, and of the others at the

State school for the blind who had led him out of his mental darkness, of the Braille books and how puzzled he was when he first attempted to learn the alphabet with his finger tips, and of the dormitory and the hot and cold showers, of the health chores, of the bulbs which blossomed for Easter and perfumed the dining room and of the classmate who could play on the violin. After nine months' separation there was indeed much to tell. Dick and Miss Gray had parted in the fall when he, in the care of the kindly conductor, had boarded the train for the State capital and "school." Nine such happy months, nine months which had given Dick the flowers, the appreciation of the orchard life and so much else besides.

"Grace Allen's home, too, Dick," Miss Gray said directly. "And you should see her walk! She doesn't need her wagon any more. She swings along on her crutches almost as fast as I can walk. Marvelous the way Dr. Thomas has mended her legs! And George Haskins is home also. He can talk!"

Dick was speechless for a moment, "George talk—really and truly?" Another marvel.

Dick had known of these two for almost two years—Miss Gray had told his parents about them when she first came to the farm to talk about school for Dick, that time when father was so very angry at the idea that Dick should leave home. "Will they both go to school now?" he asked.

"Yes, next fall, just like you, young rascal," was the reply, "only Grace won't be riding on the red plush cushions of her wagon, either. She'll be listening for the first bell to ring in Cedarville. And George will be crying 'Mother, Mother, where's my hat?' just like all the other youngsters."

Dick tapped her arm—"Miss Gray, you're a tease, but I don't care, *my* nurse can tease if she likes, only—will I go back to school next fall?" As he waited for the answer his nimble, sensitive fingers outlined over and over again the little red cross on the band of his friend's hat which she had tossed aside.

"Indeed you will, Sir Richard, this fall and every fall until you're a man earning your own living. Then you'll be helping to send others." With that she rose: "Are you going back to the house with me? I want to see your mother and the baby, and I must soon be off."

Up scrambled Dick too—eager to stay with his Miss Gray. "Did you know that father bought the cow back?" he asked, as hand in hand they walked down the orchard and across the chuckling brook back to the road and home.

"No, I didn't. That's good news."

"There's enough milk now for everyone," Dick added. "And John and I do the dishes for Mother so she can sew for the baby. We're learning to get dinner, too. I can set the table and peel potatoes and John cuts the bread and cooks bacon. Gee, won't I be proud to show Miss Anthony what I can do when I get back!"

Miss Gray only smiled and squeezed his hand.

She was seeing Dick of last year, Dick with his drooping head and unhappy face who had sought the dark corners and answered in surly fashion, if at all. This Dick, gay and helpful, was coming into his own.

And so was his home. The mother with neatly combed hair and clean dress who greeted them was far different from the discouraged, weary and untidy woman of last year. They entered an orderly, though bare, kitchen-livingroom where there was a chubby baby over whom they cooed and talked serious facts about hours of sleep and lighter weight garments.

Dick's father followed Miss Gray to her car when her visit was ended. As he shut the door for her, he said: "I know now you don't come prying into folks' business—you come to help us help ourselves. I

wasn't very nice to you, Miss Gray, that time you came about Dick. I keep thinking of how I swung the scythe close to your feet as you stood in the field, talking to me. I wanted to scare you off. I'll never do a thing like that again, though. But, I declare 't was awful, poor crops and a poor blind kid and a sick wife. It makes a man worry not to be able to do for his family. And then he can't always be himself. It's better now." His eyes filled with tears as he turned to look at the lad standing in the doorway calling out, "Come back again real soon." "You don't know what a weight is lifted off us, now that the boy is so much more like other children. Dick's made over and so's the wife."

Miss Gray smiled to herself as off she drove to see George, who had found his speech in a city hospital, and Grace, who now played in the sunshine.



John and Dick washed the dishes. They were learning to cook, too



The Tumblers of the Roosevelt Junior High School took part in the Junior Rally at Syracuse, New York

“What We Have Done”

JUNIORS of Syracuse and of Onondaga County, New York, finished off their year's work with a grand rally at Syracuse. Fifty schools were represented. In the morning a program was given at the Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School, and in the afternoon the North High School gave an entertainment. There was an audience of fifteen hundred at the first performance, while seven hundred attended in the afternoon. A feature of both entertainments was the following report of what these Juniors had done during the year, which was dramatized by the Juniors themselves. Dr. Thomas E. Green went up from Red Cross headquarters to make an address. He came back delighted with the rally, which he said was a great success and was enthusiastic about the spirit and skill with which the boys and girls did their parts.

(Enter group of boys and girls)

FIRST BOY: Hello!—Haven't seen you since you moved away from our school. How do you like your school?

SECOND BOY: Fine—What's the button you are wearing? *(Points to Red Cross button)*

FIRST BOY: That's my Junior Red Cross button.

SECOND BOY: What's the Junior Red Cross?

FIRST BOY: Where have you been all this time? Isn't your school a Junior Red Cross school?

SECOND BOY: Not that I know. What is the Junior Red Cross for?

FIRST BOY: Didn't you hear the Junior Radio Program from station WFBF, on April 22nd? Mr. Shea told what the Junior Red Cross stands for and Marguerite Smith of Lincoln School read a poem published in the September JUNIOR NEWS entitled “I am.” We had a fine musical program—the string trio from Central High played, and Harriet Cady of Bellevue School played the harp. Sara French of Nottingham played piano selections and Ida Philips of Central and Emily Toppazzino of Roosevelt gave vocal selections. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Nichols were the accompanists.

SECOND BOY: Sorry I did not listen in that day. Hope you broadcast again—but tell me, what is the Junior Red Cross doing now that the war is over?

FIRST BOY: It is the school enrolled for service, health and world-wide friendship. Fifty countries have Junior Red Cross societies with ten million members and all over the world boys and girls in schools are thinking about how they can help someone else.

SECOND BOY: How does a school join?

FIRST BOY: The whole grade joins by taking a subscription to the magazine, THE JUNIOR NEWS, fifty cents a year. You become a real Junior member by doing something for your school, or community, and then you can have your name written on the Honor Roll and wear the button. A calendar comes with each subscription suggesting ways in which we can help. In our school we have Junior officers for each grade and all the officers meet once a month to talk over ways in which we can help.

THIRD BOY: The High School has a magazine all its own called “High School Service.” You have to have one subscription per one hundred members to join. It costs \$1.00 a year. Where there is a student council we have a Junior Red Cross member of council and representative from each room. Next year we want to have city-wide councils, one for high schools, junior high schools, and grammar schools.

SECOND BOY: How do you get your money to join?

FIRST BOY: Don't you have an ice cream festival in the spring?

SECOND BOY: Yes.

FIRST BOY: We sell the tickets so it is money we earn and we enroll our school in the Red Cross with some of the money. Other Juniors contribute towards enrolling the grade.

SECOND BOY: What do you do to help others?

FIRST BOY: Here comes —; she will tell. She is secretary of our school council.

(First Girl enters, knitting)

SECOND BOY: Hello —, knitting a sweater?

FIRST GIRL: No—knitting a block for an afghan

SECOND BOY: What's an "African"?

FIRST GIRL: Not African, afghan—a-f-g-h-a-n (*spell*).

It's a cover our Junior Red Cross girls are knitting for the disabled veterans at Tupper Lake Hospital. We knit the squares and they are crocheted together into a big blanket. Two girls in one school crocheted a whole afghan together. Each Girls' Scout Troop and some girls' societies are knitting them. We also are making baby clothes in our sewing class to be given to poor babies.

SECOND GIRL: We also made and filled 335 large red stockings for the veterans at Christmas time. We had some nice letters of thanks. One school adopted the patients at the hospital where they sent their stockings and have sent them letters and at Easter time they sent hand-made cards and favors and twenty pounds of candy Easter eggs to put in the favors.

FIRST GIRL: One grade and suburban school did such a nice thing. They sent a box of fresh eggs at Easter time to be given to poor children and another grade made bunnies out of lolly-pops and sent them to children at Hillcrest. This grade and another school went into the woods and picked wild flowers. They made them up into bouquets and sent a large box to the veterans at Tupper Lake Hospital and another to the children's ward in Memorial Hospital. Other schools made Valentine and place cards and favors for Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays.

SECOND GIRL: You remember we sent 1870 Christmas boxes to the Juniors in other lands. We could have sent more, but the Red Cross want us to pack them in the schoolrooms so all will be alike.

FIRST GIRL: Do you know I think we ought to be sure and have only nice new things in the boxes. Sometimes they are the only presents a child gets and we would be terribly disappointed if we got old dirty things for a Christmas present. That is to show we have friendly feeling for the boys and girls in other lands and we want to send just as nice a gift as we would give another friend.

FIRST BOY: Another way to show our friendship for the Juniors in other countries is by sending them a portfolio telling about our school, homes, sports, etc.—Then they send us one telling about their life. It makes us understand each other better—and it really makes our studies more interesting. It's a good way to add to a stamp collection.

THIRD BOY: Then there is the National Children's Fund. That is money contributed by the children all over the country to help the Junior work in other lands. It helps vocational schools, rest camps for undernourished children, helps publish Junior magazines and also helps in our own country. It

built a recreation house for boys and girls who lost their families and homes in the tornado a year ago in Indiana and Illinois. This helped the children to forget the horror of the tornado. It pays the transportation on the big boxes of Christmas boxes sent overseas. Our Juniors have never given any money to this fund, but the Syracuse Red Cross sent \$100.00 from their Community Chest funds. I think we all ought to make a contribution to the National Children's Fund this year, because it is our fund.

FIRST GIRL: We can have home nursing classes in our school too, and learn how to take care of a sick person in our own home and to care for our baby brother or sister.

FIRST BOY: And First Aid, too. Roosevelt Junior High has a class at assembly period every Monday. The Life Saving Captain from Washington spoke at our school a few weeks ago, and told us how easy it was to become a life-saver, so I am going to qualify.

FIRST GIRL: The Junior Red Cross helps boys and girls to get an education too. I know of one girl who would have to leave school and go to work but the Junior Red Cross gives her widowed mother an allowance each week so the girl can stay in school.

SECOND BOY: How many schools belong?

FIRST BOY: Thirty-three in Syracuse and 23 in the county, with a membership of 20,000 pupils.

SECOND BOY: Well, that sounds good. I guess our school is behind the times. I am going to ask our principal tomorrow if our school can't enroll, and I am going to earn a button, too.

CURTAIN

EVERY day we are getting reports of what the Juniors throughout the United States have done in the past year. We wish there were space to give a whole lot of these reports, but there isn't. Atlanta, for instance, sent in accounts of Junior activities in sixty-six schools.

The Tenth Street School showed a specially fine program for the year, because the Juniors there made a good balance between local and foreign activities. They made contributions to the shoe fund, to the Battle Hill Sanitarium for children and to a fund to furnish hot school lunches to Atlanta children who needed that help. They made and hung bird



The Roll Call Doll of Salem, Massachusetts

boxes in the school yard, grew plants for shut-ins, visited sick comrades, collected fifty pounds of tin-foil to be sold for the Service Fund, gave baskets of fruit to a Christmas tree party, and made Hallowe'en favors for a children's home and valentine greeting cards for ex-service men in hospitals. They contributed to a scholarship fund which sends two young people of another state to college, filled two hundred Christmas boxes for overseas, contributed to the National Children's Fund and prepared three portfolios to send abroad.

ONE of the best things the pupils of the William O. Rogers School of New Orleans did last year was to get their parents and teachers to promise to buy all mops, brooms and brushes from the Light House for the Blind. Another nice thing they did was to use the proceeds from two cake sales to buy thirty-six tickets so that musical pupils who could not afford the expense themselves might hear the fine concerts given by visiting orchestras from Cincinnati and Minneapolis.

DOLLS dressed as Red Cross nurses were used in store windows in Salem, Massachusetts, during last Red Cross Roll Call. They were dressed by the girl Juniors of the Continuation School and were greatly admired. One lady insisted on having two for her Thanksgiving Day Decorations and gave enough for them to pay the cost of the dolls and their wardrobes.

THE ninth annual Junior roll call of Chicago shows 378,072 members enrolled in 439 schools. These Juniors have done a great number of useful things. Their Service Fund has provided:

- 1,200 quarts of milk for the Erie kindergarten.
- Repairs for radios and victrolas for disabled ex-service men in hospitals and homes.
- Victrola records for shut-ins.
- Materials for sewing and lap-boards.
- Books and magazines for hospitals and for children of the tornado area.
- Candy, favors and decorations for hospital parties.
- Flowers to several hundred disabled men at home and hospitalized men for Armistice Day.
- Christmas greeting cards and stamps to more than 2,000 hospitalized men.
- \$1,000 for National Children's Fund.
- Christmas favors and gifts for 500 enlisted navy and army men in foreign stations.
- Five hundred dolls dressed for children of ex-service men by high school students.

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THE Junior Red Cross Service League of West Bend, Wisconsin, was organized a year ago. It holds weekly meetings and has carried on an active program, part of which was a varied and successful vaudeville performance for raising funds.

WE have recently received first copies of the new Junior magazines of Norway, Japan and Spain.

THE Red Cross Public Health Nurse of Suisun, California, was worried about the underweight children in her school district. So she organized a contest among those who were ten per cent or more below normal weight. Seventy-one pupils entered the contest. The school showing the best per capita gain by the end of the year was awarded a ten dollar prize by the Red Cross Chapter and the pupil making the

best gain in weight and record for cleanliness and the correction of physical defects was given two weeks near a cool lake in the mountains, with all expenses paid.



At a Junior Red Cross Festival in Prague, two Czech boys dressed as old women gave a dialogue on foods. Surrounded by an admiring throng, they repeated their performance twenty times in two days

LAST spring serious floods devastated low-lying parts of Belgium. Here rivers and canals, kept in by dykes, run actually above the level of the surrounding country, so that when the dykes burst the waters poured down upon the villages.

Belgian Juniors were

not the only ones to send help to the children who suffered from the floods. A Japanese Junior wrote:

Dear Friends:

We have heard that there have been destructive floods in your country. We are so sorry for your misfortune. We want to help, so we have collected a little money that we hope will be of some use. We hope that everything will be well with you again as soon as possible and we ask you to accept all our sympathy.

Moreover, the girls in an Italian school, hearing that a Belgian school with which they correspond was getting up a fair to raise funds for the flood victims, made a number of pretty and artistic articles and sent them to be sold at the entertainment.

THE group of Juniors at Podmoli, Czechoslovakia, have restored their school garden, removed the weeds, repaired the fence, pruned the trees and drained the damp part of the grounds. The beekeeping section have set up twelve hives made by the boys themselves of thin boards covered with a layer



Juniors of Many Street School, Utica, New York, staged a series of tableaux representing the Calendar pictures

of moss collected in the forest. They plan to raise many flowers for their bees in the school garden. Proceeds from sales of honey will swell the Service Fund.

THE Juniors of Tampa, Florida, cooperated with the city Health Department by distributing literature in the town's fight against mosquitoes.

THE school at Fairview, Virginia, has won a state prize of \$5 in gold for the best health work done in a rural school. There are thirty-four boys and girls in the school, all Juniors. They gave \$10 towards a new organ for their school, contributed \$12 to a children's home in Richmond and gave \$5 made in a candy sale to help treat crippled children of their county. They also helped earn money for a nice fence for their school yard, which they keep in apple order. One Saturday there was a meeting at the school and the mothers brought lunch, while the fathers put up the fence.

OUR first request for Junior Christmas boxes for this year's gifts was received in May. It came from the Juniors of Hawarden, Iowa, and was for one hundred boxes.

IN July we received the first portfolio from Greek Juniors in acknowledgment of the letters of thanks from American Juniors for the Greek currants. It came from a primary school in Edessa, Mace-

donia, and went to a school in Atlanta. It contained flowers "gathered from the birthplace of Alexander the Great." There were pansies, wild roses, clover blossoms, yellow poppies, buttercups, wild orchids and other flowers beautifully pressed and mounted with the colors very clear and fresh.

THE New York Juniors have sent a check for \$1,300 to be used for a library for the children of Lievin, France, which is in the region devastated during the World War.

SEVENTEEN schools were represented at a meeting of Utica, New York, Juniors which organized the Junior Council for the city and some village schools near by. The Crippled Children's Hospital could not send a representative, but sent a letter instead and this was read in the meeting. The president, first vice-president,

a second vice-president and a secretary-treasurer were elected. Later on these officers met with members of the Junior Red Cross Committee and drew up the by-laws of their council and outlined a program for the year.

JUNIOR RED CROSS is being organized in many districts in Germany.

THE Junior Red Cross of Costa Rica is working to install in every school in the capital, San José, a First Aid and emergency medicine cabinet.

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Juniors of the Florence School, San Diego, California, with gifts for Guam

JUNIORS of the seven Western States send their Christmas boxes to children of Guam. Last year 2,500 well-filled cartons were sent over on the United States Army transport *Thomas*, arriving in Agana, the capital of the island, early in December. Both the Guam chapter of the Red Cross and the children themselves wrote letters of thanks. José S. Duenas, of the eighth grade in the grammar school at Agana, says in his:

DEAR FRIENDS: We thank you very much for the packages which you sent us. They were greatly appreciated and enjoyed. On the morning of December 24 we had our exercises and received our packages. In the evening we marched to the plaza and sang songs.

The Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross sent us many packages, too. The Junior membership in our school is 100 per cent. We were the first school that had 100 per cent here in Guam.

